

PN
3206
K63c

Kiralfy

"China" or
"The Relief of the Legations"

Ex Libris

C. K. OGDEN



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



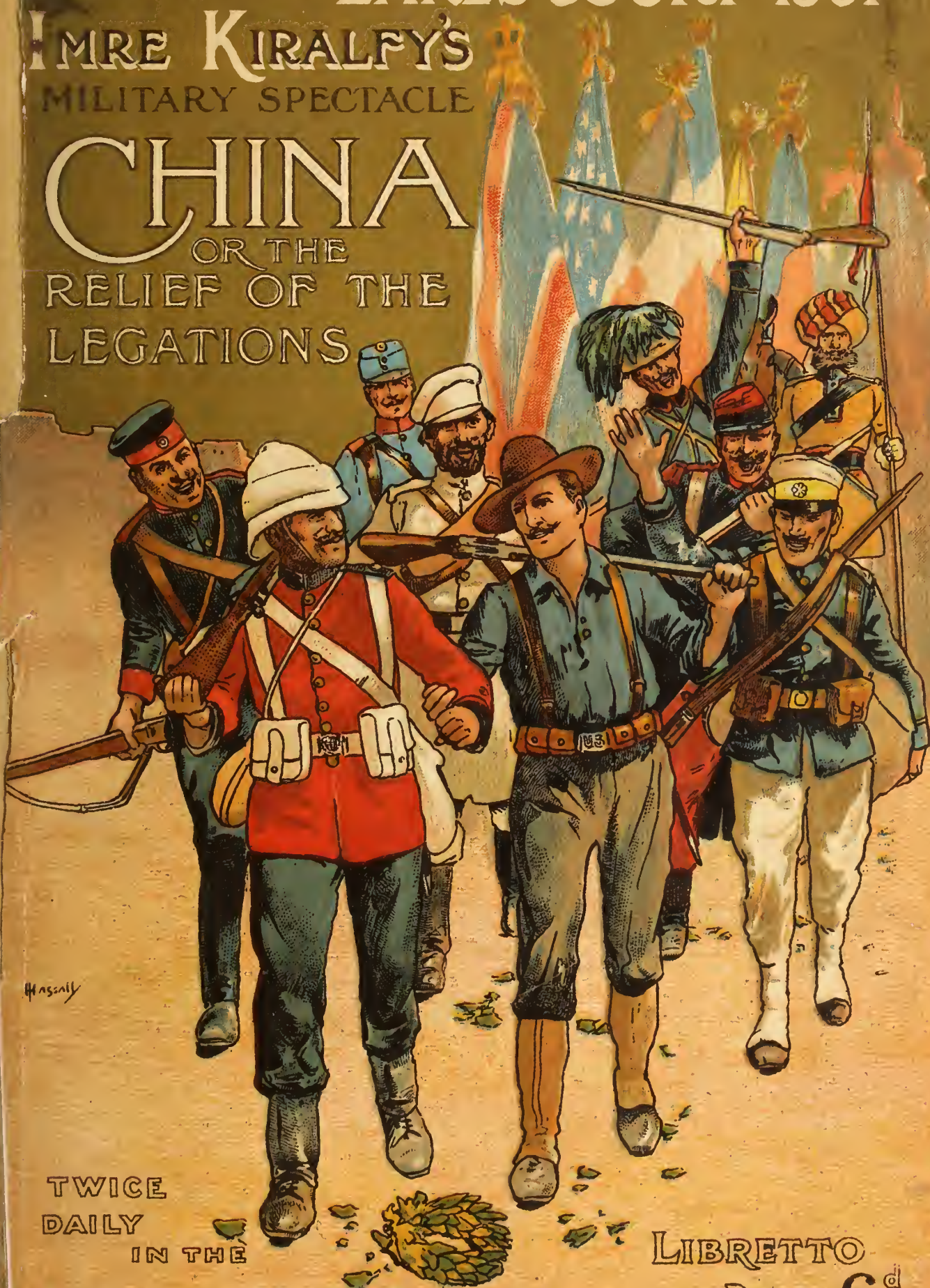
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/china00kira>

EVENING PAPER
MILITARY EXHIBITION
EARLS COURT · 1901 ·

IMRE KIRALFY'S
MILITARY SPECTACLE

CHINA
OR THE
RELIEF OF THE
LEGATIONS



TWICE
DAILY
IN THE

· **EMPEROR THEATRE.** ·

LIBRETTO
Price 6^d

Visitors to the Exhibition are specially invited to inspect

OFFICER'S MODEL QUARTERS

IN PICTURESQUE ENGLAND.



From Original
Designs by

NORMAN & STACEY,
LTD.,

Artistic House
Furnishers,

... 118 ...
Queen Victoria St.

THE COLT AUTOMATIC QUICK-FIRING MACHINE GUN

AND

Dundonald Galloping Gun Carriage.

Colt Automatic Guns, taking the English Service ammunition of .303 calibre, and mounted on DUNDONALD GALLOPING CARRIAGES, largely used in South Africa, both by Imperial and Colonial troops.

The Dundonald Carriage carries 2,000 rounds of ammunition, loaded in belts ready for immediate use, and is protected by patent armour plate. The Carriage can be taken into action by one man and horse, and can be unlimbered and brought into action within the space of thirty seconds.

The Dundonald Galloping Ammunition Cart is constructed to carry either 7,000 or 10,500 rounds, loaded in belts and ready for transfer to the Colt Guns at a moment's notice. Can be galloped into action and unlimbered with the same speed as the Gun Carriage.

The Dundonald General Service Cart. Specially adapted for South African Service. The lightest, strongest, most serviceable Two-wheeled Cart made. Steel Frame and Hide Bottom, carries over 1,000 lbs. of Baggage, contains over 100 cubic feet covered space, weighs about 600 lbs.

For further particulars apply to the

COLT GUN AND CARRIAGE COMPANY, LTD.,

34, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

Telegrams: "GUNSTERS, LONDON."

Telephone: "747 Westminster."

historically correct to the most minute detail. I may add also that I have even sacrificed dramatic possibilities—a sacrifice which can only be fully appreciated by the dramatist—to the actualities of the Siege.

It might perhaps be argued with some reason that such vast labours and study were not absolutely requisite to the production, but, on the other hand, it is most gratifying to me to know that I am in that respect placing my production almost beyond the pale of criticism, and, at the same time, so far as human ingenuity can do, affording the public a realistic representation of the actual historical incidents.

I might also add that the farther I went in my researches the more enthusiastic did I become, for, truth to tell, the information I was able to collect proved the accuracy of the trite saying that “Truth is stranger than fiction.” Certain it is that the facts were dramatic beyond my most sanguine hopes.

In conclusion, I heartily trust that this production may meet with the same meed of success, and the same hearty appreciation at the hands of the British public as did my previous efforts.

I am deeply indebted to Dr. Morrison, whose interesting and graphic narrative appeared in the *Times*.

I also desire to tender my sincere thanks to Mr. Clive Bingham, who accompanied Admiral Seymour’s expedition, for his valuable information concerning Chinese life and customs; Mr. B. G. Tours, Secretary to Sir Claude Macdonald; Mrs. Brent for many valuable details; Mons. and Madame D’Arc, the intimate friends of Mons. and Madame Chamot, and who resided with them during the same period; Professor Giles, of Cambridge, for kindly loan of photographs, taken during the siege by his son; and Vice-Admiral Markham.

My sincere thanks are due also to Lieut.-Colonel Whetherly for the kindly support I have received from him in matters relating to military details.

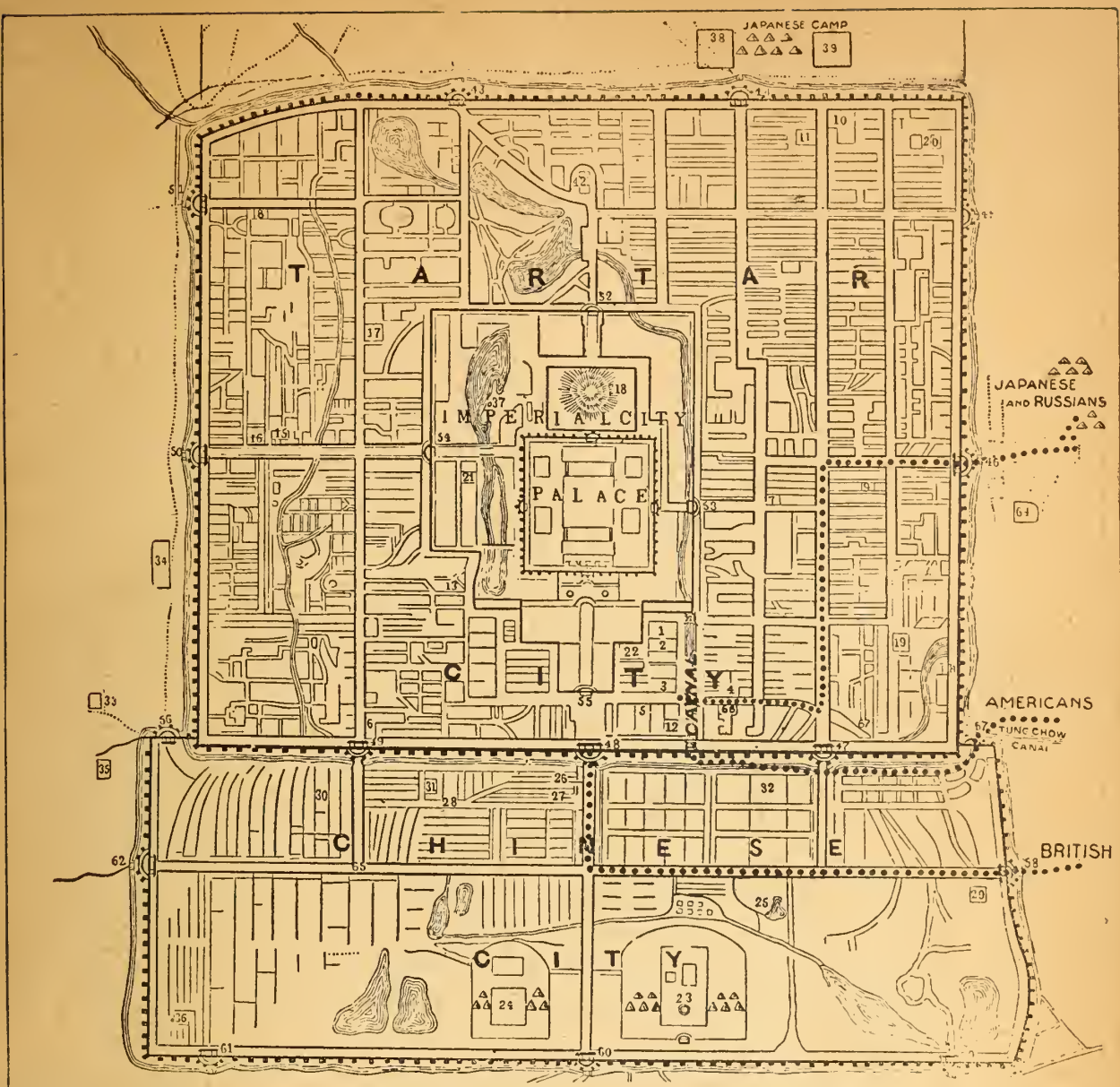
IMRE KIRALFY.



Reprinted from "The Siege in Peking," by
DR. W. A. P. MARTIN.

By permission of
Messrs OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW SHOWING THE ROUTE FROM TAKU TO PEKING.

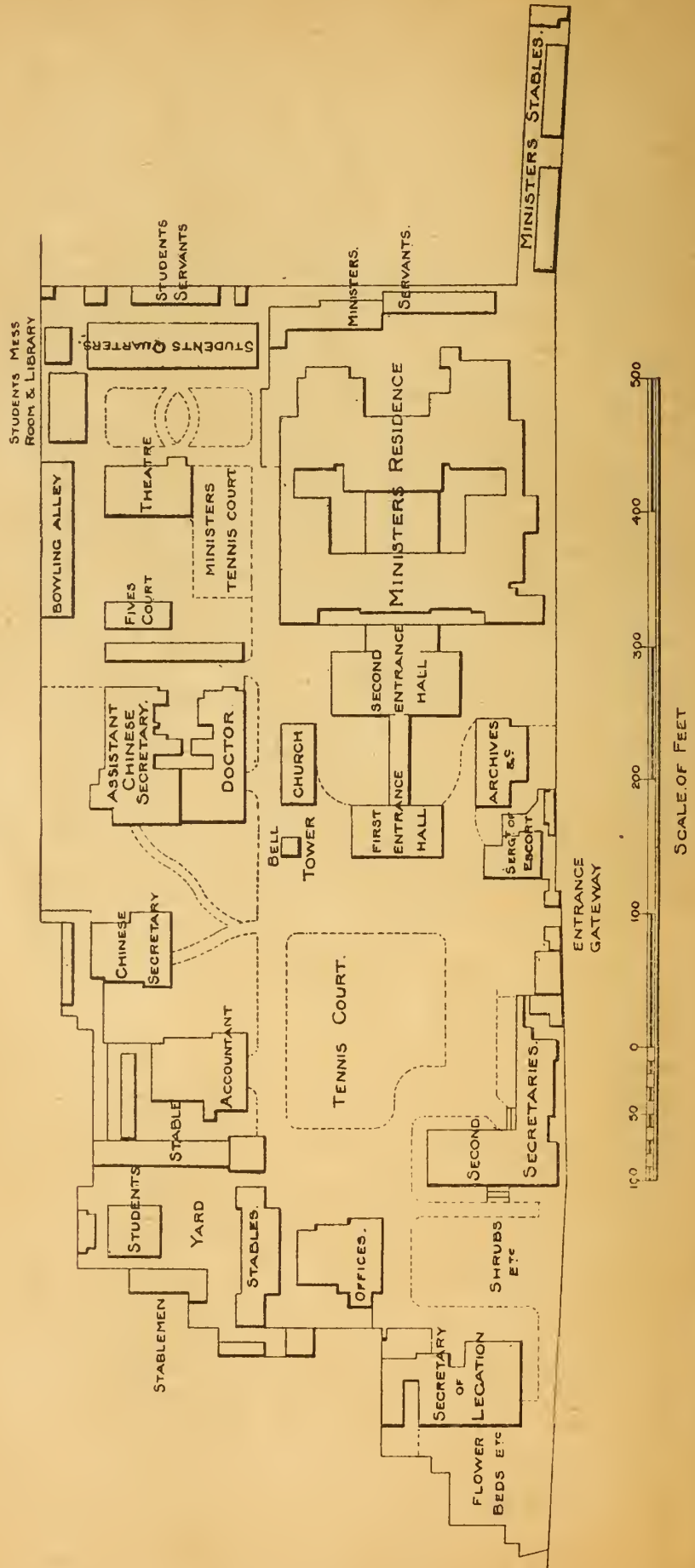


THE END OF A FAMOUS MARCH.

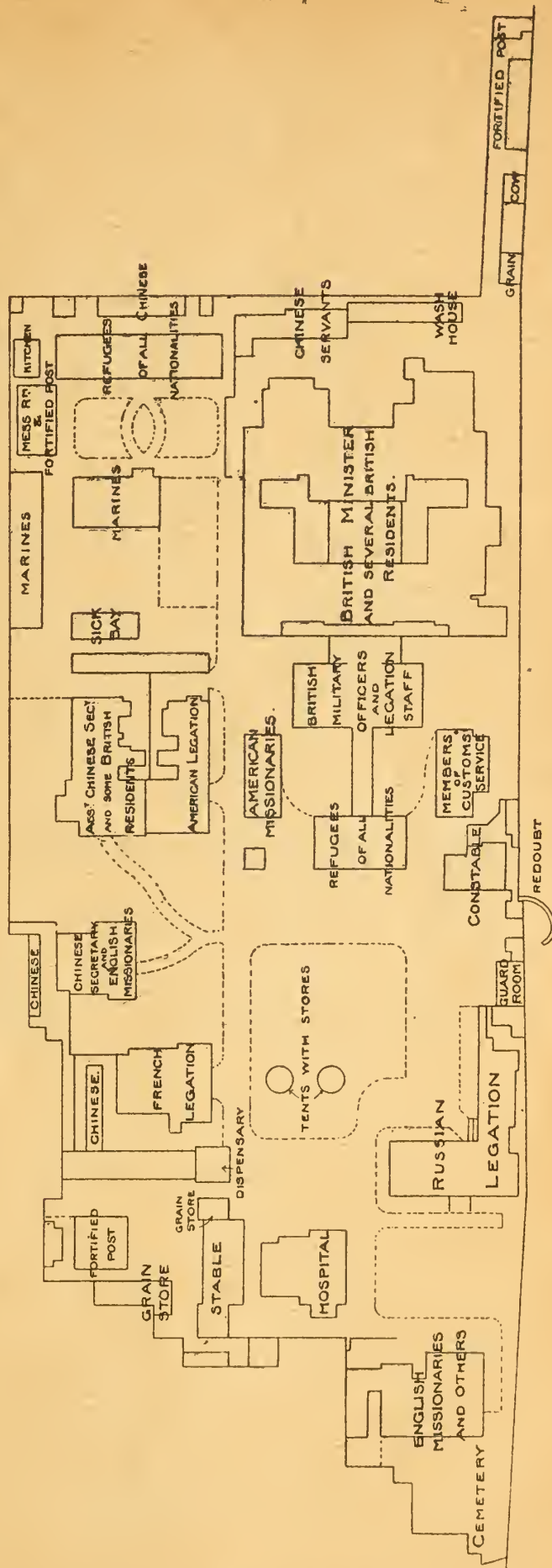
How the Allied Armies forced an entrance into the Chinese Capital and relieved the Imprisoned Legations.—Map of Peking, from Official Surveys made by the English Consular Service at Peking.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 } British Legation. | 34 Temple of the Moon. |
| 2 } Russian Legation. | 35 Tien-ling-ssu (Temple). |
| 3 French Legation. | 36 Wan run-keng, Burial Place for Executed Criminals. |
| 4 American Legation. | 37 White Ming Pagoda. |
| 5 Nan-tang, } French Catholic Missions. | 38 Russian Cemetery. |
| 6 Tung-tang, } | 39 Jih-tan (Temple). |
| 7 Si-tang, } | 40 Hei-ssu (Lama Temple). |
| 8 Imperial Customs. | 41 Huang-ssu (Yellow Temple). |
| 9 Tung-ho Kung, Lama Temple. | 42 Drum Tower. |
| 10 Wen-miao, Confucian Temple. | 43 Te-sheng men |
| 11 Korean Embassy | 44 An-fing men |
| 12 Mohammedan Mosque | 45 Tung-chi-men |
| 13 Kuang-sing-tai, Imperial Observatory | 46 Che ho men |
| 14 Ti-wang-miao, Imperial Temple. | 47 Ha-ta-men |
| 15 Pai-ta-ssu, Buddhist Temple. | 48 Chien-men |
| 16 Hu-po-ssu, Buddhist Temple. | 49 Shun-chi-men |
| 17 Mei-shan, Coal-hill. | 50 Ping-tsu men |
| 18 Kao chang, Examination Halls. | 51 Si chi-men |
| 19 Russian Mission, Greek Church. | 52 How-men |
| 20 Pei-tang, Catholic Cathedral. | 53 Tung-hua-men |
| 21 Mongolian Market. | 54 Si-hua-men |
| 22 Temple of Heaven. | 55 Ta-ching-men |
| 23 Temple of Agriculture. | 56 Si-pien-men |
| 24 Gold-fish Ponds. | 57 Tung-pien-men |
| 25 Si-ho-yen (Picture Street). | 58 Sha-ho-men |
| 26 Theatres in Picture Street. | 59 Cheang-tsu men |
| 27 Luli Chang (Book Street). | 60 Tung-ting-men |
| 28 Yu ying-tang, Foundling Hospital. | 61 Nan-si-men |
| 29 Yang-chi-yuan, Lock Hospital. | 62 Hang-ti-men |
| 30 Chou-chang, } Soup-kitchens for Beggars. | 63 Jih-tau (Temple). |
| 31 Chou-chang, } | 64 Execution Ground. |
| 32 Po-yung-kuan (Temple). | 65 German Legation. |
| | 66 Methodist Mission. |
| | 67 |

— THE BRITISH LEGATION — — PEKING — — BEFORE SIEGE.



—THE BRITISH LEGATION— —PEKING—



SCALE OF FEET

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.



SCENE I.

The Iha-Ta-Men Road, Peking.

The road skirting the inner gates, dividing the Tartar and the Chinese City. Facing the spectator is the Ha-Ta-Men Gate, and a view of the Legations.

SCENE II.

Defence of the Legations.

Showing the Northern half of the Legation Compound on the left, with the Main Gate, the Canal, Street, and the Central and North Bridges, and the Prince's Palace, known as the Fu, on the right of the spectator, thus forming a double scene.

SCENE III.

Near the Gates of Yang-Tung.

SCENE IV.

At the Walls of Peking.

SCENE V.

The British Legation.

Showing the British Legation to the South, with the Secretaries' Building in the rear. On the left is the Main Gate, which separates the Legation and the Canal. In the background are the Central and Southern Bridges, with a view of the Wall dividing the Chinese from the Eastern City, and another Water Gate.

SCENE VI.

The Forbidden City.

At the Gates of the Holy of Holies of the Chinese Emperors.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEFENCE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

IN THE FIRST, SECOND, AND FIFTH SCENES.

Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD	...	British Minister in Peking.
Mr. EDWIN H. CONGER	...	United States Minister in Peking.
Mons. STEPHEN PICHON	...	French Minister in Peking.
Mons. DE GIER	...	Russian Minister in Peking.
Baron NISSI	...	Japanese Minister in Peking.
The MARQUIS SALVAGO RAGGI	...	Italian Minister in Peking.
Mr. DON B. J. DE COLOGAN	...	Spanish Minister in Peking.
Mr. KNOBEL	...	Dutch Minister in Peking.
Dr. MORRISON	...	The London <i>Times</i> .
Mons. AUGUSTE CHAMOT	...	Proprietor of the Peking Hotel.
Professor W. A. P. MARTIN	...	President of the Chinese University in Peking.
Dr. ARTHUR SMITH	...	Author of "Chinese Characteristics," etc.
The Rev. F. NORRIS	...	Chaplain to the British Legation in Peking.
Mr. HERBERT G. SQUIRES	...	Secretary to the American Legation.
Professor GAMEWELL	...	Of the Methodist Mission in Peking.
The Rev. W. S. AMENT	...	American Mission Board in Peking.
The Rev. E. G. TEWKESBURY	...	Missionary in Tang Chow.
Professor HUBERTY JAMES	...	Of the Peking University
Mr. N. OLIPHANT	...	
Dr. VELDE	...	Surgeon to the German Legation.
Dr. POOLE	...	Assistant-Surgeon to the British Legation.
Mr. WARREN	...	Student Interpreter at the British Legation.
Mr. DERING	...	Attached to the British Legation.
DUKE LAN (brother to Prince Tuan)	...	} Chinese Mandarins.
CHOACHU-CHIO	...	

BRITISH OFFICERS.

Captain B. M. STROUTS	...	H.M.S. "Orlando."
Captain Lewis S. T. HALLIDAY	...	H.M.S. "Orlando," R.M.L.I.
Captain WRAY	...	R.M.L.I.
Captain F. G. POOLE	...	East Yorkshire Regiment.

AMERICAN OFFICERS.

Captain John TWIGGS MYERS	U.S. Marine Infantry ; s.s. "Newark."
Captain HALL	U.S. Marine Infantry ; s.s. "Newark."
Surgeon LIPPETT	U.S.S. "Newark."
Gunner MITCHELL	

RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

Lieut. Baron VON RHADEN	... Imperial Russian s.s. "Sissoi Veliki."
Lieut. VROUBLEVSKY	9th Regiment East Siberian Rifles.
Lieut. VON DEHN	Imperial Russian s.s. "Navarin."

JAPANESE OFFICERS.

Colonel G. SHIBA	... Artillery Officer attached to the Japanese Legation in Peking.
Lieutenant HARA	... Japanese Navy.

GERMAN OFFICERS.

Lieut. GRAF VON SODEN	... 3rd Battalion Kiaō-Chau.
Herr VON STRAUCH	Retired Officer of Imperial German Guard.

FRENCH OFFICERS.

Captain D'ARCY	Of the Warship "D'Entrecasteaux."
Captain LABROUSSE	French Marine Infantry.

ITALIAN OFFICERS.

Lieutenant PAOLINI	Of the Battleship "Elba."
---------------------------	---------------------------

AUSTRIAN OFFICERS.

Captain THOMANN	Of the Cruiser "Zenta"; senior Officer in Peking.
Flag Lieut. WINTERHALTER	... Of the Cruiser "Zenta."

LADY CHARACTERS.

Lady MACDONALD
Mrs. CONGER
Miss Laura CONGER
Madame PICHON
Madame DE GIERS
Baroness NISSI
The Marquise RAGGI
Miss ARMSTRONG
Madame CHAMOT
Mrs. SQUIRES
Miss MYERS
Miss BRAZIER
Miss Mary PIERCE	...	Niece of Mrs. Conger.
Mrs. WOODWARD	..	} American Ladies ; Guests of the Conger family.
Miss Ione WOODWARD		
Miss Cecil E. PAYEN	...	

Missionaries, Refugees ; British, American, Russian, Japanese, French, German, Italian and Austrian Legation Guards and Relief Forces ; Chinese Mandarins, Soldiers, Converts, Populace, and Boxers.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

IN THE THIRD, FOURTH, AND SIXTH SCENES.

General GASELEE	Commanding the British Forces.
General CHAFFEE	Commanding the American Forces.
General LINEVITCH	Commanding the Russian Forces.
Commandant YAMAGUCHI	Commanding the Japanese Forces.
General FREY	Commanding the French Forces.

Also German, Italian and Austrian Generals and Officers.

GRATTAN WELLS	...	}	War Correspondents.
BELLAMY WINTER	...		
HENRY J. RICKS	...		
FREDERICK KENT	...		
HENRY O. WATERS	...		
ROBERT McNAIRN	...		
HUGH CARRUTHERS	...		

Chinese Soldiers, Boxer Leaders and Boxers.

Everyone should try the effect of a glass of
Kola Champagne after a hard day's work. It
is a wonderful stimulant and tonic, non-intoxi-
cating, sparkling, and pleasant.

Kola Champagne.

3s. 6d. per doz. Champagne Pints.

6s. per doz. Champagne Quarts.

The LANCET says:—"Kola Champagne" is delicate in flavour and full of body, and contains in each bottle, according to our analysis, not less than two grains of caffeine, the stimulating and recuperative principle of tea and coffee. It appears to occupy a position between cocoa and tea, containing the nutritive ingredients of the former with the caffeine of the latter."

Kola Tonic.

**Mixed with Aerated Water, Kola Tonic
makes a most delicious beverage.**

**Delivered Free to any Station in the
United Kingdom, 15s. per doz. reputed
quarts, including Case and Bottles.**

**TRAVELLERS WILL FIND KOLA TONIC A MOST
USEFUL AND REFRESHING DRINK.**

The DAILY TELEGRAPH, speaking of "Kola," says:—"The properties of this wonderful food are said to be almost magical; it is at once stimulant and food, and contains within a given space more nutriment and more capacity for sustaining life than any other natural or prepared article."

Send Post Card for Price List and Name of Nearest Agent to—

THE PURE WATER CO., LTD.,
Queen's Road, Battersea Park, London, S.W.



IMRE KIRALFY'S

"CHINA"

OR

"THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS."

SCENE I.—The Ha-Ta-Men Road, Peking.

THE teeming life of the typically Chinese city, Peking, the most populous in the world, where opulent extravagance and profound squalor jostle each other, cheek by jowl, is unfurled to view. The characteristic scene is laid in that part of the city known as the Ha-Ta-Men Road, skirting the inner gates which divide the Tartar and the Chinese city. Facing the spectator is the Ha-Ta-Men Gate with, and in close proximity to, the Legations.

It is the eve of the irruption which is to culminate in the breaking down of the mysterious barrier which for ages successfully withstood the irresistible tide of Western civilisation.

Members of that dreaded society, the Boxers, whose avowed object it was to drive the foreigner from China, are moving amongst the throng.

It is a vividly realistic and faithful picture of life in Peking, and of the dark, dramatic episodes, unparalleled in the history of the civilised world, and which, for a time, thrilled the world with horror and suspense.

Whilst the quaint Chinese soldiery pass to and fro, stolidly preparing for the *coup* which is eventually to result in such remarkably unforeseen circumstances, the placid Mongolians are enjoying life in their own peculiar way. As a check upon the over-exuberance of the populace,

the public stocks form a part and parcel of the street scene, and the evil-looking prisoners afford food for reflection, as well as a target for the gibes and the missiles of the rising generation of "Celestials."

THE QUAIN T DRESSES OF THE WOMEN,

the uniforms of the Legation Cossacks, the rich attire of the Mandarins, all lend a wealth of colour to the quaintly-designed gate in the background. It forms a very real Chinese picture amidst very realistic surroundings.

From the direction of the Legations a Chinese messenger is seen making his way in hot haste; he is the precursor of coming troubles.

Now a Chinese official, escorted by mounted troops, makes his appearance at the City Gate. He reads the famous Imperial Proclamation which, whilst it professes to exhort the populace to act in peace, is in reality a covert attack upon the foreigner and his religion.

There quickly follow, in their proper sequence, the ominous incidents preceding the open outbreak of hostilities. Every moment the anti-foreign movement gathers in volume; small missionary and mercantile outposts are in positions of great danger. A party of fifteen French engineers in the vicinity of Peking is practically cut off from the capital. The hour produces the man.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME CHAMOT,

whose names are deservedly enrolled on the scroll of fame, are seen to emerge from the gate accompanied by young Dupree, a gallant Australian, and four French residents. They are bent on the heroic mission of rescuing the French engineers, and they hurry through the gate on their perilous ride through a country seething with hostile Boxers. They are not allowed to depart unmolested. The Chinese onlookers offer them insults, and matters threaten to assume a serious aspect, when

BARON VON KETTELER

opportunely appears, accompanied by his secretary. The German Minister falls upon the offending Chinese, armed only with his whip,

and scatters them, and Legation Cossacks, who dash on in the nick of time, succeed in securing two prisoners who, by their consecrated headgear and other symbols, are recognised as Boxers.

A bugle rings out heralding the arrival of the Legation Guards, comprising detachments of various European troops.

THE AMERICANS

under Captain Myers, Captain Hall, and Surgeon Lippott, are welcomed by the Secretary of the Legation, Mr. Squires, Mrs. Squires, and the American residents. Another bugle call announces the approach of

THE BRITISH DETACHMENT,

composed of Royal Marines and Bluejackets. The officers in charge are Captain Strouts, Captain Halliday, and Captain Wray. They are cheerfully met by many of the British subjects in Peking.

THE JAPANESE BLUEJACKETS,

under Lieutenant Hara, are escorted into the city by Colonel Shiba and his staff, closely followed by the

FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS,

led by Captain D'Arcy, who is joined by Captain Labrousse and others of the French Legation.

ITALIAN SAILORS

with a one-pounder gun are met by the Marquis Raggi and other Italian officials.

THE RUSSIAN MARINES,

commanded by Lieutenant Baron von Rhaden, next follow. They are scarcely gone, when the infuriated Chinese are seen to hurl stones and other missiles at Chinese converts who are seeking the protection of the Legations. Their lives are threatened, when a

BODY OF CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIALS

come to the rescue. There is every appearance that the latter are about to be worsted, when

CAPTAIN HALLIDAY AND THE BRITISH BLUEJACKETS

appear, charging and dispersing the mob. There now follow the tragic incidents of the dark hours preceding the siege of the Europeans. The Rev. Ament, escorting refugee ladies and children seeking the shelter of the Legations, is seen to dash through the gates to the haven of temporary safety. Again troops, this time under Captain Myers, are requisitioned to break up the threatening populace, which is ever growing fiercer and more bloodthirsty.

Now, the return from the station of Mrs. Woodward and her party, who had intended leaving Peking, creates the greatest surprise and consternation; and the news they bring of communications being cut off is confirmed by the arrival of

AUSTRIAN AND GERMAN MARINES,

under the command of Captain Thomann, Lieutenant Winterhalter, and Lieutenant von Soden, the last reinforcements to reach the threatened foreigners before the railway is destroyed by the enemy. They have not arrived a moment too soon, for Boxers, armed with formidable knives, swords, and spears, drive before them a crowd of native Christians. They drive and drag them into the temple, a sacrifice to their fanaticism.

During these proceedings, Monsieur and Madame Chamot and their heroic companions return from their plucky task,

BRINGING IN THE RESCUED EUROPEANS.

The peculiar antics of an unfortunate Swede leave no room for doubt that his mind has become unhinged.

Realising the gravity of the situation, the courageous German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, accompanied by his secretary, wends his way, in a palanquin, to the Imperial Yamen in order to demand the instant suppression of the Boxer rising. By an undoubtedly preconceived plan, a cart with some lance bearers



THE MAD MISSIONARY.



MARCH OF THE RELIEF FORCES.

asses in front of the Minister's chair, and the Secretary is horrified to see an Imperial officer in full uniform, step up to the Minister's palanquin and deliberately fire point-blank into it. Aghast with horror, he noticed



HIS LAST JOURNEY.

to use his own impressive words—that “there was no life in the chair,” and fled, followed by a volley from the Manchu soldiery. Although seriously wounded, he succeeds in dragging himself to a place of safety.

As night draws on, shrieks arise from the temple. It is only too evident that the doom of the Christians is sealed.

BUT NEMESIS IS AT HAND.

Attracted by the cries, Captain Wray, with a force of British, American, and Japanese bluejackets, breaks down the gates of the temple, discovering the Chinese converts bound and prepared for execution. Some have already met their fate. The Boxers are, meanwhile, indulging in their weird and grotesque incantations to their God of War, preparatory to carrying out their fell work. The Marines pour a deadly fire upon the Boxers, not one escaping. The Chinese Christians are then conveyed in safety to the Legation. But these doings are merely the prelude to more serious troubles. For now there appears

a larger and more turbulent crowd of Boxers, openly accompanied by Duke Lan, of the Imperial Household, and Chao Shu-Chiao, a high State official, who come to gloat over the infernal work of these miscreants. The bloodthirsty fanatics, armed with murderous weapons, and bearing flaming brands, are wrought up to a terrible pitch by their leaders. In their bloodthirsty frenzy they blindly kill and maim the populace, and while some drag unfortunate converts into the temple, others set fire to every building in their path. They rush for the European buildings but are checked by a barricade of carts, sandbags and other materials hastily erected by the Europeans to meet just such a contingency.

It is an appalling sight.

FLAMES SHOOT UP SIMULTANEOUSLY

from various points, the lurid glare angrily reflected in the skies; the demoniacal shrieks of the Boxers, "kill the devils," are heard, only to be drowned again by the deafening uproar as the flames of the European Cathedral burst forth.

The Boxers, maddened and stimulated by the sight, now make a rush towards the Legations, but they are met by the fire of the Austrian mitrailleuse, which checks their rush, and they turn and fly.

SCENE II.—The Defence of the Legations.

THE scene presented is the Northern half of the Legation compound on the left, with the Main Gate, the Canal, Street, and the Central and North Bridges and the Prince's Palace, known as the Fu, on the right to the spectator. Coolies are hastening hither and thither with stores of all descriptions and materials for maintaining a siege. From the suppressed excitement, the nervous tension displayed on every hand, it is apparent that we are on the eve of important developments.

Mr. Conger is the recipient of

A SINISTER MESSAGE

announcing the appointment of Prince Tuan as leader of the Boxers.

Professor Gamewell, who had already displayed wonderful tact, courage, and resourcefulness in defending the Mission buildings, gallantly proffers his services as a leader, and to him is assigned the duty of defending the Legations proper.

The besieged unanimously proffer their services in various directions, some volunteering to go to the barricades, others to serve in the hospital and the commissariat. Sir Claude gratefully accepts these gallant offers, and proceeds to map out the delimitations of the area to be defended, which embraces all the Legations and the approaches thereto. At the same time he points out in unmistakable terms that there can be

NO QUESTION OF SURRENDER,

which he declares would mean massacre. Captain Thomann, of the Austrian reinforcements, as senior officer of the forces, claims the command of the defence, which being conceded, he proceeds to dispose of his forces to the best advantage.

The British Bluejackets and Welsh Fusiliers, with their gun, take up a strong position at the gates of their Legation.



BARRICADE AT BRITISH LEGATION.

The Austrian machine gun is to sweep Customs Street leading to North.

The Italians, under Captain Paolini, with their one-pounder, are to guard Legation Street to the East.

Upon the Russian Commander, Lieutenant von Rhaden, and his forces, devolves the duty of occupying the street in front of their Legation, and of

ERECTING A BARRICADE

against the enemy from the west.



FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.

Legation Street, as near as possible to the Imperial Palace, is entrusted in the hands of the American marines with their Colt gun.

The Germans are to take up a position under the wall to the east beyond their Legation buildings.

The task of fortifying Wang-Tang Street to the North is left in the hands of the French, under Captain D'Arcy.

Colonel Sheba, of the Japanese forces, gallantly declares that the Japanese may be relied upon in any extremity, and his force proceeds to take up its assigned position for the

PROTECTION OF THE CONVERTS

in the Fu.

No sooner have these military manœuvres terminated, than there is

A GENERAL INFLUX OF REFUGEES

of all sorts and conditions. They pour into the compound in picturesque confusion. Here are Europeans jostling pigtailed Mongolians; there are priests of ascetic mien hard pressed by the swarthy natives of Southern Europe; sisters of mercy and all, come in under the protection of the Legations. Chinese refugees arrive under an escort of American marines.

The condition of the refugees is pitiful. Observing their distress, Sir Claude Macdonald places the native women and children under the especial care of the Europeans, who lose no time in attending to their immediate needs, relieving their thirst with every vessel they can press into the service—buckets and pans, dishes and bowls.

Some very

PATHETIC INCIDENTS AND TOUCHING EPISODES

are witnessed. A grey-haired man, for instance, bears upon his frail back his poor old mother—the most precious of all his belongings. Still



HIS MOST PRECIOUS
BELONGING.

another destitute refugee who is reduced to absolute penury by the siege is eventually recognised, to the no small astonishment of all

present, as the mother of Ching Chang, a former Chinese Minister to France.

Then from all directions there come to seek the protecting shelter of the British Legation the French, the Russian, the Spanish, Japanese, and Italian Ministers, who, with their wives and families, and numerous suite and followers, form quite an imposing array. A large number of coolies carry the belongings of the various Ministers. Quantities of stores and supplies of every description are brought in. Whilst some of the carts and barrows return to be refilled, the others are taken by Professor Gamewell and the volunteer missionaries, with British and



A HARMONIOUS TRIO.

American marines and bluejackets, for defensive purposes. Work on entrenchments is hastily proceeded with, and

STRONG BARRICADES ARE ERECTED.

The discovery being made that the French and German Legations, previously abandoned through an error of judgment, are important keys to the situation, the French and German forces march out to re-occupy them. They are soon followed by the Italians with their one-pounder. Now, Sir Robert Hart, the chief of the Chinese Customs Service, and

himself an official of the Imperial Court, and his staff, enters the Legation for protection from the very people he has served so faithfully for nearly half a century. Now, in one moment, with the flames bursting forth from the Customs buildings there vanish the labours and hopes of a lifetime; even his own

HOME BEING REDUCED TO ASHES.

Professor Huberty James, professor in the Peking University, crosses the North Bridge. Relying upon his intimacy with the Chinese, he cannot entertain the idea of any harm befalling him at their hands. But his blind faith in the Chinese is misplaced and leads only to his destruction, for the unfortunate man no sooner shows himself upon the bridge than he is fired upon. In vain does he throw up his hands to show that he is unarmed. A fresh volley is fired by the Boxers and Chinese troops. Professor James staggers against the rail and falls over into the canal. As he does so, the Chinese soldiery, from the water-gate under the wall of the Imperial City, fire a volley into his body.

The beleaguered residents are seen to set to work in desperate earnest

TO PREPARE FOR THE CHINESE ATTACK.

All the non-combatants fall to, and strain every nerve to render assistance in the emergency. The ladies are particularly in evidence, and are in the front rank of willing workers. Sand-bags are sorely needed. The ladies bring out table-cloths and sheets, curtains and hangings, to provide the necessary material. These being exhausted, the rich draperies, priceless tapestries, costly silks and satins, even the dresses, some of which had been brought from Europe—all are ruthlessly sacrificed. Sewing-machines are in great requisition.

SACKS ARE TURNED OUT

with surprising deftness. As fast as they are sewn, other willing hands are ready to fill them with sand.

The siege now commences in earnest. The desultory sniping gives way to a furious fusillade from all sides. It is returned by the marines posted on housetops and other coigns of vantage. Picked marksmen occupy positions on the walls—every shot of theirs finds a billet. The fighting has not long proceeded when the Austrian bugles are heard sounding the retreat, and, to the intense amazement of the defenders, the entire force of Italians, Austrians, and French

STREAM INTO THE LEGATION

in hot haste. They are shortly followed by the Japanese and Germans, whose positions have, through the *débâcle*, become untenable. One of the immediate consequences of this extraordinary blunder is that, cut off from their support, the American and Russian pickets are left exposed to great danger, and a messenger is hurriedly despatched to recall them. This grave error of judgment, to call it nothing worse, leads to the

LOSS OF TWO IMPORTANT POSITIONS,

the Austrian and Italian Legations. A council of war is immediately held, and the Ministers unhesitatingly suspend Captain Thomann from his command, and unanimously urge Sir Claude Macdonald to take supreme command, which he does. By his orders, a dashing attempt is made by the French and Austrian detachments to retrieve their lost ground. Bullets are whistling through the trees whilst the troops are throwing out defence works and removing all obstructions that prevent clear action, and

STRENGTHENING THE WALLS WITH SANDBAGS

and other materials.

The American and Russian outposts make a sortie, and amidst a heavy fusillade re-occupy their stations, while the British retire to the Legation Gate and there build defence works and mount their gun.



YOUTHFUL DEFENDERS.

The casualties amongst the defenders are becoming alarmingly numerous, the medical resources being taxed to their utmost, and

THE LADIES WORKING HEROICALLY

in the relief of the wounded.

But the Chinese volleys are not the only danger. A new enemy now looms up in the shape of fire. The Hanlin Academy, the seat of Chinese learning, containing priceless literary treasures, has been fired by the ruthless vandals. As the thick volume of smoke, which tells the



THE BELL TOWER.

tale only too well, ascends from the doomed building, the bell in the Legation Tower rings out the alarm. A small fire engine from the Legation is quickly brought into requisition. It is run down as near to the blazing edifice as circumstances permit. The refugee women and children, the aged Chinese converts, the ladies and other non-combatants form a

HAND-TO-HAND BUCKET SERVICE,

with which the engine is kept supplied with water.

Even at this critical juncture Sir Claude Macdonald has the foresight to despatch a messenger to the Imperial authorities urging them to save at least some of the precious archives and rare manuscripts.

A breach is made in the wall, and Marines, under the command of Captain Poole, dash forth to fight the new enemy. Meanwhile

SHELLS ARE BURSTING IN THE LEGATION GROUNDS.

In a gallant sortie to inflict punishment upon the enemy, Captain Halliday is wounded, but does not retire until he has accounted for four of the enemy. And now a peculiar incident occurs illustrating the craftiness of the foe. At the sound of a bugle from the Chinese quarters the firing ceases as if by magic, thus proving that the Chinese Imperial forces are engaged against the Legation. Then a Chinese official is seen to approach the bridge and affix to the parapet a board inscribed with Chinese characters. Interpreters on the house-tops translate it to Sir Claude Macdonald waiting below for the message. It runs : " Imperial command to

PROTECT MINISTERS AND STOP FIRING.

A dispatch will be handed at the Imperial Canal Bridge." Another placard reads : " Dispatch will be received."

A Chinese clerk in the service of the British Legation is sent to the bridge for the dispatch. As he does so the Chinese rifles are quickly levelled at him and he beats a precipitate retreat.

Whatever artifice this may have been to lure away some of the defending force, the ruse has failed. In the lull, the besieged, fearing some treachery,

REDOUBLE THEIR VIGILANCE.

Positions are strengthened very materially, and everything is done to increase the effective defences of the Legation. As the firing had so suddenly ceased, so, at a signal from the Chinese horns, hostilities

recommence simultaneously on all sides. But now another and far more ominous sound is heard. It is the heavy

BOOMING OF A KRUPP GUN

mounted upon the city wall. This is, indeed, the last straw. The walls and other defences could not withstand ten minutes of such a bombardment if once the range were found, and the bursting of a shell on the roof of a building in the Legation compound leaves no room for doubt that this has been done.

A heavy storm that has long been threatening now bursts over the City of Peking, the rumbling of heaven's artillery and the vivid lightning, coupled with the firing on all sides, present a weird impressive spectacle. The rumbling thunder, bursting into a loud crash from the lowering clouds, might be taken as a Divine protest against the action of these barbarians, and, indeed, some such thoughts may be passing in the minds of the Chinese, for their

FIRING BECOMES DESULTORY,

and they appear to cower before the storm. In their frenzy to break down the resistance of the Legations they lose their heads, and go so far as to throw fire-crackers into the compound, in the insane belief that this will terrorise the defenders. Under cover of the storm Captain Wray, with a composite force of Welsh Fusiliers, German, French, and Italian bluejackets and some volunteers, make a gallant sortie with the daring object of attempting

THE CAPTURE OF THE KRUPP GUN.

Heavy firing is resumed, and again a serious blunder, that is unaccountable except on the theory that the Chinese had a knowledge of the various European bugle calls, is made. Whether the officers misunderstood a call or were intentionally misled, they receive orders to again fall back. Now the Chinese are constantly drawing their lines closer around their victims, and the barricade snatched from the German and American pickets is

HELD BY THE ENEMY.

The storming of the barricade becomes an imperative necessity. Captain

Myers volunteers his services in the desperate enterprise. Calling for volunteers, who eagerly respond, he addresses them as follows: "My men! Yonder are 400 women and children whose lives are dependent upon our success. If we fail, they perish and we perish, too. When I say, 'Go!' then go, boys." They dash out and brilliantly

STORM AND CARRY THE POSITION.

Captain Myers, in jumping a wall, falls upon the uplifted spear of a Chinese. He is brought into the temporary hospital.



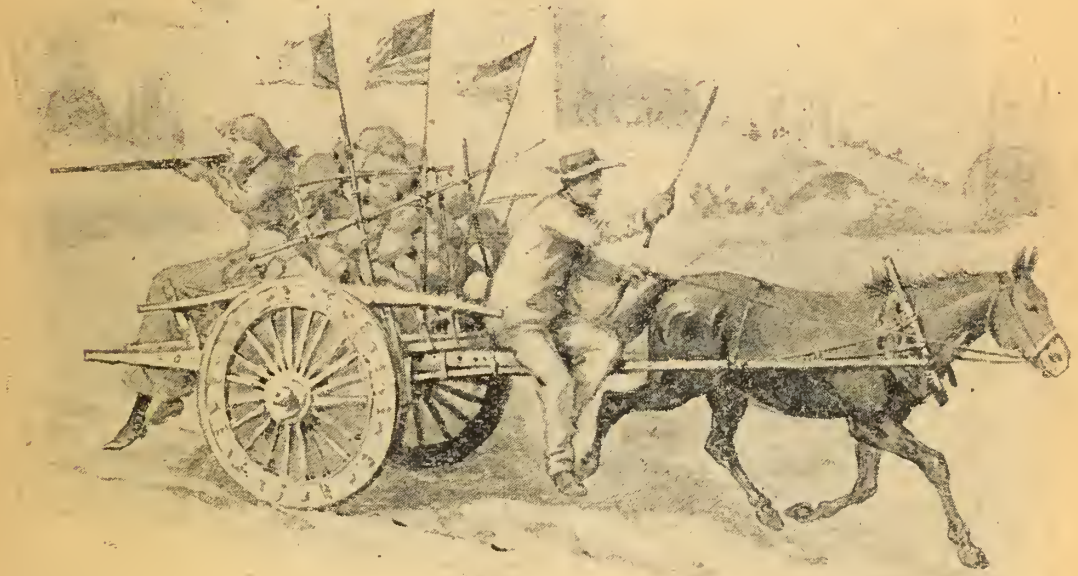
STORMING THE BARRICADES.

During the operations a British and an American trooper capture two Chinese flags. The British soldier is wounded, but the American succeeds in killing the Chinese, and mounts the barricade, throwing sandbags and handfuls of mortar and refuse on to the Chinese, who seek to pull him down. Eventually, with the timely assistance of an English and a German Marine, he carries off the trophies amidst the cheering of all the besieged. The Germans, supported by Italians,

RE-OCCUPY THEIR STRONGHOLD.

Monsieur Chamot, the proprietor of the Peking Hotel, who resolutely refused to leave it and come into the Legation for protection,

is seen approaching, accompanied by his equally plucky wife. They drive a cart loaded with bread-stuffs and food cooked with their own hands, nearly all their servants having fled in terror. They are on their daily errand of noble self-sacrifice in bringing food to the beleaguered residents. They have faced every obstacle and never spared themselves in their self-appointed task. When a shell burst in their kitchen, destroying everything, they calmly proceeded to turn the dining-room into a bakehouse.



THE GALLANT CHAMOTS.

Madame Chamot is seated in the cart, rifle in hand, and smiling as though this were a holiday jaunt instead of

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

When they pull up in the enclosure, they proceed to make a counter out of packing cases and boxes, and distribute the much-needed food with the assistance of some coolies. The plucky couple are making their way back to the hotel, when one of the flags which float over their cart is shot away by the enemy and Madame Chamot takes deliberate aim at their assailant. There are exciting episodes and hair-breadth escapes without number. The trite saying that necessity is the mother of invention is

amply proved more than once, and in no case more clearly than when an old smooth bore gun is unearthed in the Legation and run out by British and American bluejackets who proceed to mount it on a pair of wheels from an Italian waggon, and a beam of American timber, which causes some amusement to the gunners, who declare that here is truly

AN "INTERNATIONAL" GUN

in the strict sense of the term.



THE INTERNATIONAL GUN.

A still more fortunate discovery is made. When the Russian contingent arrived they brought a gun and 25,000 rounds. The ammunition they brought with them, but the gun was left behind at the station. The gunners declare, with great glee, that the Russian ammunition fits the smooth bore gun.

Now an incident that, to the overwrought imaginations of the besieged, appears as an omen of ill, occurs in the snapping, by a well-directed shell, of the flag-staff over the Legation. The flag tumbles

down, and there is for a moment unutterable consternation, but it has scarcely reached the ground when marines instantly repair the damage, and once more

THE FLAG FLIES PROUDLY,

the symbol of unconquerable defiance. There is another interlude, caused by the arrival of a messenger, the first to come in since the beginning of hostilities.

The Chinese now press the garrison harder than ever, and brave defenders are falling fast. Henry Warren, a brave young student, is carried in desperately wounded. Captain Strouts is seen in conference



BROTHERS IN ARMS.

with the Japanese Colonel Sheba and Dr. Morrison, when suddenly a furious fire is opened upon them. Dr. Morrison is shot through the leg. Colonel Sheba's coat is perforated by a bullet. But Captain Sprouts falls mortally wounded. Now, with Captain Halliday previously invalided, there is no military officer available, and

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD TAKES COMMAND

of the forces, assigning the leadership of the regulars to Captain Wray and the charge of the volunteers to Captain Poole. Vexed

at the failure of their subterfuges, the Chinese make more strenuous efforts to catch the Legation defenders napping. Another Chinese Imperial messenger is brought into the lines under a flag of truce. Even the latter is not sacred to the elusive "Celestial," for scarcely has the messenger been brought in when a well-aimed shell bursts at his feet. He is the bearer of a letter from the Yamen. There is a cypher message for the American Minister; it is from his Government at Washington. Translated by Mr. Squiers it runs: "Communicate tidings, bearer." Mr. Conger requests his secretary to reply in the same secret cypher: "We are besieged in the British Legation under continued shot and shell fire from the Chinese troops. Quick relief only

CAN PREVENT GENERAL MASSACRE."

Not being for one moment deluded into the belief that the Chinese have sent the messenger out of any motives of kind-heartedness, further treachery is suspected. The besieged push on defensive operations with renewed vigour. Walls and other barricades are rendered as shell-proof as possible, and every nook and corner is made ready for a resistance to the finish.

The anxiety of the garrison is now added to by the extraordinary re-appearance of the Swedish Missionary, brought in by a strong guard, who denounce him to Sir Claude Macdonald as a spy and a traitor.

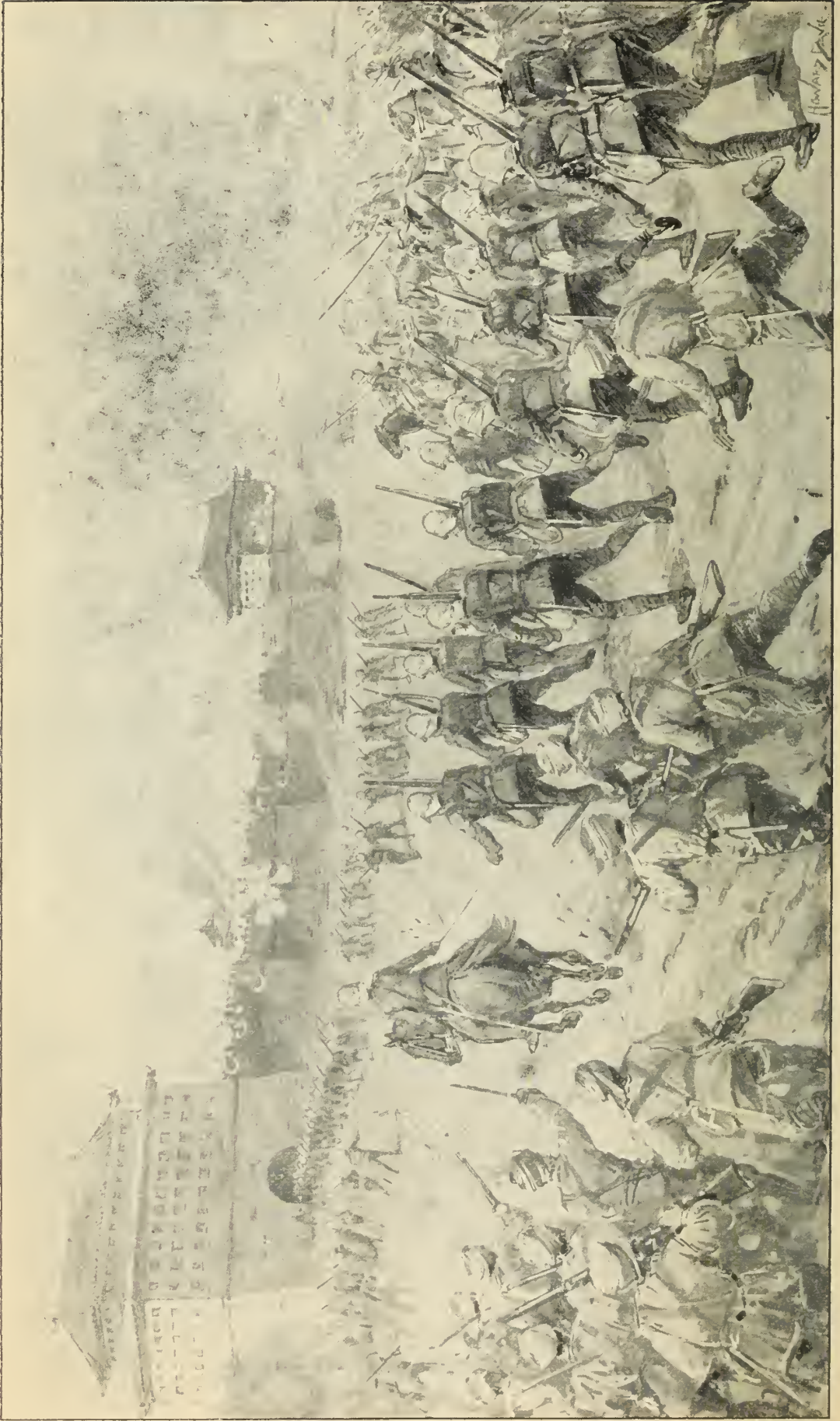
They declare he has passed through the Chinese lines, and has held communication with the enemy.

Sir Claude Macdonald interrogates the man. He defiantly declares that he has been to the Yamen and

BETRAYED THE ENTIRE POSITION

and resources of the troops and the garrison. He describes in detail all the information he has given to the Chinese authorities. The listeners are horror-stricken. Cries of "Traitor," "Shoot him," "Hang him," are raised on all sides. They beg Sir Claude to allow them to punish the spy, but the British Minister points out that the man is insane, and not accountable for his actions. Furthermore, he points out that the Chinese must have put down his utterances as

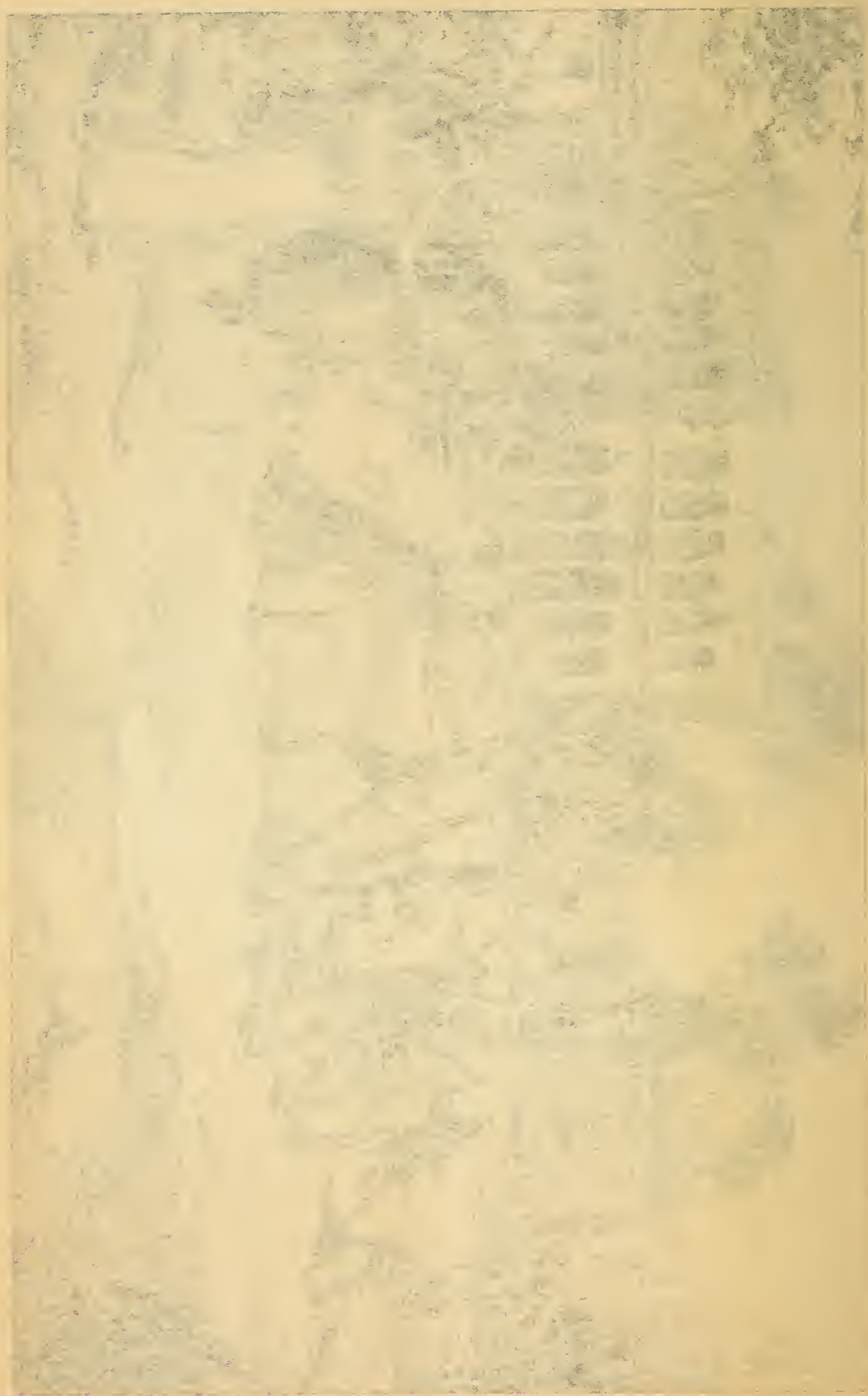




CAPTURE OF PEKING.



RELIEF AT LAST!



THE RAVINGS OF A MADMAN,

they would not have allowed him to return to the Legation. He is removed in strong custody.

And now the Chinese play another move in their game of cunning. An Imperial messenger is brought into the lines with a message signed "Prince Ching and others."

It contains an impertinent request that the British Minister and the members of all the foreign Legations, their wives, families, and suite should leave Peking within 24 hours. The curious document promises to provide an efficient escort, but points out that the Ministers and their followers

MUST COME OUT UNARMED.

It further demands that the Christian refugees be handed over to the protection of the Chinese Government, and winds up by veiled threat that the authorities cannot protect the Foreign Ministers in the Legation! To this hypocritical effusion only one answer could have been expected. Leaving themselves out of the question, Dr. Morrison, Sir Robert Hart, Mr. Conger, the French, Spanish, and, in fact, all present, declare that only by the faithful adherence of the Chinese Christians have they been able to withstand the Chinese onslaught, that they have sacrificed themselves for the cause, and that they shall

STAND OR FALL TOGETHER.

Sir Claude Macdonald, who re-echoes these sentiments, sends a point-blank refusal to the Yamen.

The suspense of the garrison has reached an acute stage. Under constant fire, without proper food, and with ammunition greatly limited, the garrison, hopeful to the last, is becoming more and more anxious as to what is being done for them by those at home.

But when night is darkest, dawn is nearest. A blind beggar, a common enough sight in China, is seen to climb over the wall, and, dropping into the compound, takes off his disguise, disclosing

Women and children fall upon their knees in silent supplication to Heaven. The casualties are increasing to an alarming extent. There will soon be no combatants left should the fighting continue at its present pace.

Matters are at their worst when a cloud passes over the scene, blotting out, as in a dream, the field of carnage.

SCENE III.—Near the Gates of Yang-Tung.

CHINESE fanatics, under the guidance of their chiefs, are seen to go through the weird incantations and the other mystic rights of the Society of "Boxers." The semi-barbaric classes, from which these latter are recruited, are worked into a hypnotic frenzy by the extraordinary proceedings of their leaders. Some of them indulge in imaginary pugilism and other queer practices. After lighting large bon-fires, they go through

A CEREMONY BEFORE THE BLAZE

with their long swords, knives, and spears, entertaining the belief that these weapons are now enchanted, and will slay all their enemies whilst protecting themselves from all harm.

Anticipating an encounter with the enemy, the barbarians kneel down and humbly bow their heads to the south-west, invoking the protection of their gods. They now imagine themselves to be absolutely invulnerable, and believe that they bear a charmed life.

Their leaders incite them and work upon their already over-wrought feelings by reading to them the proclamations, which, translated, exhort the faithful followers of the sect to uphold the great pure dynasty, and destroy the ocean barbarians. Another denounces the foreigner in no unmeasured terms, saying that he has "turned the empire upside down for 40 years, taken our sea-ports, and

"DESPISED OUR GODS AND SAGES,"

and further intimates that "when we have slaughtered them all we shall tear up the railways, cut down the telegraphs, and then finish off by burning their steamboats."

The reading of these fiery documents is continually interrupted by fierce cries of "Sha-Sha," meaning "Kill, Kill." They then proceed to offer up sacrifices to their Banners, and are just concluding their extraordinary devotions when a patrol of Chinese Cavalry arrive from the Central Gate. The Boxers assume a menacing attitude, and prepare to repel the attack of their countrymen. The Chinese Officers have, however, been carefully instructed to subdue the Boxers, but in no way to harm them, and acting upon these instructions they command their men to fire, but by signs plainly intimate to them to

FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS,

and retire. The Boxers hastily scan their ranks to see what harm has befallen them, and when, to their astonishment, they perceive that not a single member has been struck, they are elated and frantic with joy at this proof of their invulnerability. They dance and sing and rejoice at the extraordinary turn of affairs, but their joy is destined to be short-lived, for firing being heard at some little distance, the Boxers arrogantly draw themselves up in battle array. The attacking party is drawing nearer, more volleys are heard, and, when the Boxers again scan their ranks, they discover to their great dismay and utter confusion, gaps where dead and wounded have fallen. They realise that what their own countrymen could not accomplish, foreign bullets have done. They are utterly demoralised, and

ARE THROWN INTO CONFUSION,

when an advance guard of Cossacks appears, and firing a volley at the wavering Chinese, charges and utterly routs them.

A detachment of Russian Infantry on the march, halt and break ranks for a brief rest. The Boxers, largely reinforced, make an attempt to surprise the Russians, who, however, jump to their arms receiving them with a telling volley, and charge them at the point of the bayonet, driving them from the field.

The humorous side of grim war is illustrated by the arrival of several war correspondents, some on foot, others on horseback, and all tired from long marching and weary vigils. One who had lost his way is greatly relieved at meeting his confrères once more. All are

weary and hungry, but the ruling passion comes uppermost at the sight of the troops. They

DISCOVER SOME OF THE PROCLAMATIONS

which the Chinese have dropped in their hurried flight, but are unable to decipher them. They hasten to enquire for news, discovering to their great chagrin that the outposts speak Russian only. Baulked in this direction, they prepare to bivouac, and decide to make this a feast day. They have scarcely arrived at this conclusion when in unpacking their impedimenta, they make the mortifying discovery that the combined resources run principally to condiments and biscuits. Their hunger being accentuated by the gloomy prospects, they are debating what to do, when a Cossack dashes past, carrying a live pig under his arm. The correspondents, as one man, make a rush for the fleeing Cossack, and succeed in intercepting his flight. They ply him in every language, excepting Russian, and make extravagant offers to purchase the pig; but the Cossack, misunderstanding their intentions, and in the belief that he is being charged with stealing the animal, vehemently declares that he has come by it honestly. At last, one of the correspondents hits upon the brilliant idea of showing him some money, and then their meaning dawns upon the Cossack, who, inspired by the sight of

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE MEAL,

drives a hard bargain, squeezing all he can out of the pockets of the hungry scribes. The new owners of the animal are jubilant and make elaborate preparations for the feast. A fire is built, a cloth is spread, and vessels of every size, shape, and material, are produced. Now a difficulty arises. The pig must first be killed. Various methods are suggested and rejected, when the council of war sentences the pig to be shot. One correspondent points out that humane precedent in all such cases must be adhered to. A handkerchief is tied over the pig's eyes, and the Cossack, for further reward, is induced to hold the animal while it is being shot. He places himself in position, and the firing party takes its place, but just when they are loading their pistols the Cossack suddenly awakens to his position, and as the revolvers are cocked, he incontinently bolts for his life, involuntarily releasing the pig, which regains its liberty after an exciting chase.



ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GASELEE.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GAGELEE.



A party of Cossacks returning from a reconnaissance encounters a Chinese cavalry patrol, and the correspondents quickly take refuge behind their carts, whence they obtain a splendid

VIEW OF AN EXCITING BATTLE,

in which the Chinese are worsted and retire, but are met from the direction in which they flee by a quick-firing gun, and they turn and retire in great disorder.

British troops, including Bengal Lancers and Sikhs, halt on the march and prepare to bivouac. The officers are immediately besieged by the war correspondents. Soon after the American troops arrive on the field, and they are followed by the Japanese. The correspondents who have vainly endeavoured to find someone conversant with Chinese to translate the proclamations, discover an officer of the forces of the Mikado

WHO CAN READ CHINESE,

and he reads the precious documents to the astonishment, and the no small amusement, of all.

Now the troops resume their march to Peking. Chinese Imperial troops, who have in the meantime crept up, deliver a combined attack from the rear, but they are quickly repulsed and precipitately scatter in all directions.

SCENE IV.—At the Walls of Peking.

THE Boxers, together with the Chinese Imperial troops, are offering a heroic but futile resistance to the advance of the International troops, who are sweeping onwards in their irresistible march—typical of the advance of civilisation and the overthrow of bigotry. The lack of military organisation amongst the Chinese renders their defence of the walls almost pathetic in its confiding simplicity. As well attempt to stem the tide of the ocean. They discharge their firearms in a wild, reckless manner, and, casting all discipline to the winds, the rabble Chinese soldiers and Boxers flee in inextricable confusion—a veritable *sauve qui-peut*.

With bugles playing a lively march

THE GALLANT LITTLE JAPANESE

arrive at the double with their three quick-firing guns, and they quickly demonstrate their smart artillery practice by sending a hail of bullets

after the retreating Chinese. With equal alacrity they turn and prepare to attack the Upper Gate. Here the enemy, safe for a time at least, behind the stout walls which they imagine to be impregnable, meet the Japanese attack with a furious fusillade. The Mikado's troops are supported by Russian troops and Cossacks, who, under the command of General Linevitch, commence

A VIGOROUS BOMBARDMENT

of the gates, pouring shot and shell into the Chinese stronghold. The defenders are unable to withstand the murderous well-directed fire, and their guns are gradually silenced. Whilst the Chinese attention is drawn to the Japanese and Russian bombardment, the American troops, under General Chaffee, quietly work their way to the Central Gate. As soon as their presence is observed they storm the walls with wonderful celerity. The scaling of the high walls, indeed, is a magnificent achievement. A rope is improvised of gun belts and canteen straps, and by this means men who have already reached the summit are enabled to raise guns to the top. The American flag is also passed up, the Chinese meanwhile keeping up a heavy fire on the intruders. A sharp rifle duel is proceeding between the Yankees and the Chinamen while

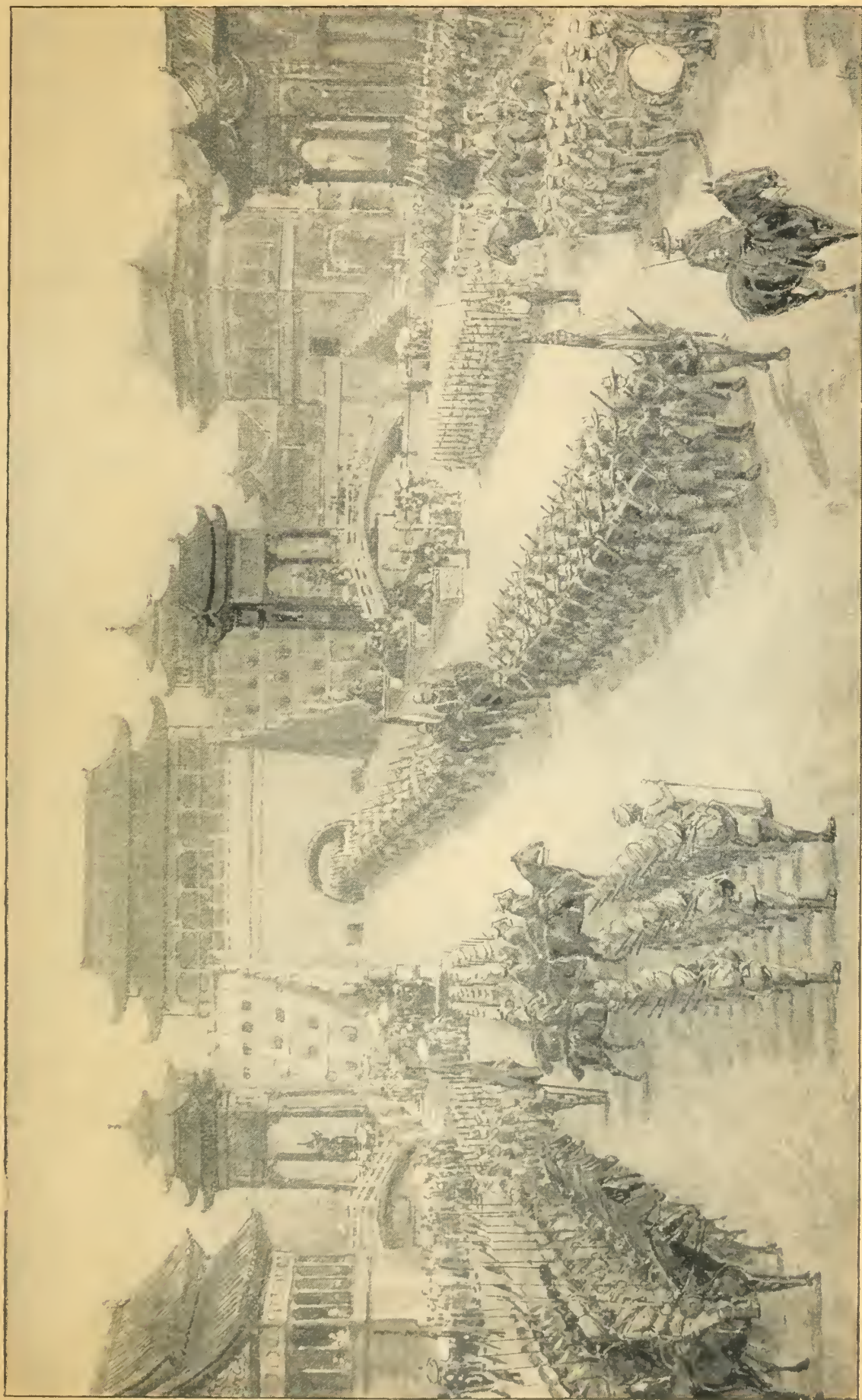
THE STARS AND STRIPES

are being hoisted; the latter is accomplished amidst cheering loud enough to disconcert the enemy. At the moment when the American colours are run up General Chaffee is leading his forces into the City Gate, which



AT THE WATER GATE.

has just succumbed to the gallant attack. During the engagement of



ENTRANCE OF THE ALLIED TROOPS.



General Chaffee's forces the Indian Sikhs have not been idle. Successfully scaling the wall in a magnificent manner, they unroll their turbans and utilise them, rope fashion, to haul rifles and flags to the top, as well as to help their comrades to ascend. The gate being opened by some of the Indians who pluckily climb down on the other side, General Gaselee at the head of the British troops and with pipes playing triumphantly enters the city without further opposition. At the Central Gate the Russians have in the meantime maintained a heavy bombardment with a field gun. The gate falls at last, and the

RUSSIANS STORM THE BREACH

with fixed bayonets. As they dash through the gates some of the Japanese follow them, the rest of the Japanese forces being actively engaged in breaking down the resistance at the Upper Gate; it is a herculean task, but eventually a tremendous explosion rends the air, and the gate is seen to fall. The Japanese have successfully blown it up, and they rush into the opening thus effected. The smoke of the guns hangs heavy; it gradually obscures the view of the triumphant onward march of the allied forces.

SCENE V.—The British Legation.

BEFORE us is the southern portion of the British Legation compound, with the Secretaries' building in the rear. On the left we see the main gate, which lies between the Legation and the canal. In the background may be observed the central and south bridges, with a view of the wall dividing the Chinese from the eastern city and another water gate.

Although it is night time, the clear

BRIGHT AUGUST MOONLIGHT

floods the compound with a brilliance almost rivalling daylight.

Europeans and Chinese women are seen gathered round the Bell Tower, whilst the missionaries and Christian converts are heard singing their evening hymns. All is suggestive of peace and calm save for the sniping shots of the Chinese, which, however, fall wide of their mark. The wounded and the sick are out taking the air of the balmy night.

Mons. and Mme. Chamot, the ministering angels of the sorely-trying garrison, are seen to approach, their cart loaded as usual with bread and other food, which they continue to prepare daily in the face of almost overwhelming difficulties. It is impossible to imagine in what plight the imprisoned garrison would already have found itself but for these two self-sacrificing heroes. The food is distributed amongst the

WORN AND FAMISHED DEFENDERS.

The Europeans are gloomily discussing the situation, Sir Robert Hart declaring that their losses have been enormous—65 killed and 119 wounded. It is pointed out how gallantly the brave Japanese have shed their blood to protect the Legation; of a total of twenty-five not one has escaped unscathed. Mons. Pichon announces welcome news of the defenders shut in the cathedral, where Monseigneur Favier is still keeping the Chinese at bay, although worse off even than the besieged in the Legation. He declares that the

REVEREND FATHER WILL NEVER SURRENDER.

The horses of the Legation have, one by one, been sacrificed to feed the beleaguered garrison, and there remain only two: the favourite horse of Mrs. Conger and a pet pony belonging to her niece, Miss Pierce. These have been saved to the very last in the hope that relief would arrive and avert their doom. There is no help for it, and they are being led across the compound by Mr. Dering, when, to his great confusion, he meets the two owners, who anxiously ask him whither he is taking them. He sorrowfully breaks the news to the poor ladies that he has done all in his power to save them, the race horses belonging to Sir Claude Macdonald having already met their fate, and that these must be sacrificed this very night unless succour arrives. The ladies are overcome. They take a last

FAREWELL OF THEIR FAVOURITE STEEDS

and tear themselves away from the sad scene.

An order is promulgated that all private stores of foods or other supplies must be delivered up to be shared with those who are destitute.

Despair seems to have claimed the unfortunate Europeans shut up in the Legation. Even the arrival of a messenger, an event that a few days

before would have raised them to the seventh heaven of high hopes, now scarcely creates an impression. He brings tidings of the approach of the relief columns, and his message is posted on the Bell Tower. But their hopes have been dashed so frequently of late that they place little credence in this latest intelligence. A rapid exchange of shots is followed by the hurried appearance, from the direction of the defence works, of Mr. Bismarck, a German student. He announces, excitedly, that the Chinese general had posted up a proclamation to the effect that he intended finishing the Legation within five days, leaving neither fowl nor dog alive. Naturally resenting such braggadocio, Mr. Bismarck declares that

HE SHOT THE GENERAL.

cynically adding that he had thus saved the Chinese all the trouble of carrying out his rash promise.

But the news of the approach of the relief is, this time, verified. The American marine, Mitchell, the crack-shot of the defending forces, who has been assigned to a prominent post on the wall, is the first to give voice to the gladsome news to the sorely-pressed Legation. "Hurrah," shouts the sentry, "the foreign troops are at the city wall and are shelling the East Gate." Scarcely has he uttered the words than the poor fellow falls mortally wounded. Self-sacrificing to the last, the gallant soldier's mind turns to others in his last extremity. "Now I shan't be able to see our boys after all," he pathetically cries, as he is tenderly carried from the field. Now, another sentry with frantic gestures shouts the news that sets hearts beating wildly:

"THEY ARE COMING! THEY ARE COMING!"

It is an ominous coincidence that dawn is just breaking—the dawn of day and the dawn of hope dispelling the dark clouds of despair!

The Europeans soon rush forth from their stronghold, and give welcome to their deliverers. Above the glad shouts of the besieged is heard the cry of "The British are coming!" and in less time than it takes to tell, a detachment of Indian troops, Sikhs and Rajputs, enter the British Legation at the double. Sir Claude Macdonald welcomes the relief forces, who are also greeted with enthusiasm by the foreign Ministers and besieged residents. Soon there enter the main body of

Indian troops with General Gaselee and his staff and the American forces under General Chaffee. The scene that follows is one of delirious joy. Hearts are full to bursting point and throats are choked by emotion. Whilst the wants of the war-worn relief forces are being assiduously attended to, the rescued members of the garrison give themselves up to relieving their feelings in all sorts of remarkable and extravagant ways. Soldiers and civilians, Legation officials and clericals march in procession, arm-in-arm, singing and laughing and throwing up their head gear in

AN ECSTASY OF ELATION.

The jubilation is at its height when the two horses, whose doom has been averted by the timely arrival of the relief, are led back to their stable, the scene slowly fading from view.

SCENE VI.—The Forbidden City.

THE final and most impressive feature of the victorious march of the International troops is still to come. The foreign ministers decided to make a formal entry into the Forbidden City,

THE HOLY OF HOLIES

of China, the sacred precincts of the Palace of the Son of Heaven, whose portals had never before been passed by a foreigner since its erection five centuries back. It was to be an object-lesson to the Chinese mind, this breaking down of the barrier of bigotry, this desecration of the palace—the innermost shrine of celestial exclusiveness. Only a small detachment of each of the eight military victorious Powers was to take part in the historical procession; each nation to be represented by a number of men in proportion to the size of the force despatched by her to the relief of Peking. The procession of troops through the Palace was

CONDUCTED WITH GREAT CEREMONIAL

On the part of the Chinese Court officials, and with the utmost decorum on the side of the International troops.

Three Chinese officials of the Palace, in their full state robes of blue and conical white hats, approach the Central Gate. They are deeply



FIRE ENDANGERS THE LEGATION.

dejected as they bow and give the salutation of their country. The Russian General, Linevitch, is by seniority to enter the sacred Pink City first. The gates reluctantly swing on their hinges, and General Linevitch and his staff officers pass in, closely followed by the foreign ministers to Peking, the members of the diplomatic body, and other officials connected with the Legation. Other Chinese officers of the Imperial Palace appear from within and anxiously watch the

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ALLIED FORCES.



CAPTURED BOXER BANNERS.

The British artillery fire a salute of twenty-one guns to announce the memorable event. The spell is broken.

The Russian marines and infantry, headed by their fine band, now march through—a fine, sturdy body of men, who elicit the cheers of the other troops by their discipline. The Russian officers order their band and a detachment of their troops to give a fitting reception to the other foreign troops—a charming thought on the part of the Muscovites towards their allies.

The wonderfully smart little Japanese stepping out briskly to the sound of their own bugles come next; General Fukushima and staff march proudly at their head.

THE SOUND OF THE BAGPIPES

announces the approach of the British troops. Here they come, the stalwart, swarthy sons of the Indian Empire; the workmanlike blue-jackets, the spick and span marines, and the well set-up Welsh Fusiliers. As General Gaselee and staff pass, the Russian band strikes up “God Save the King” amidst wild enthusiasm.

The strains of

“THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER”

usher in the American contingent, remarkable for their smart, intelligent appearance and unassuming yet businesslike manner. Marching in quick step, they present arms with wonderful precision, being greeted with wild hurrahs.

The “Wacht am Rhein” strikes up as the

MAGNIFICENTLY TRAINED GERMAN TROOPS,

with their striking parade march, make their appearance.

The march of the French troops is the signal for the “Marseillaise,” which is joined in lustily by many of the foreign detachments, to the great delight of the French commander.

Italy's forces, manly and neat, are greatly admired as they quickly step out to the stirring strains of the “Inno Reale.”



BOXER RITES.



The triumphant procession is brought to a close by the Austrian marines played in to the inspiring strains of

“GOD SAVE OUR EMPEROR.”

The British and Americans now unite in the onward march, symbolising the cementing of the ties of the two great nations, and, amidst the wildest enthusiasm on the part of all the

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GREAT POWERS,

the pageant comes to a close.



Biographical Sketches

Of some of the Principal Participants in
the Siege.



Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

The British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China, and also to the King of Corea, since 1896; was born 1852.

EDWIN H. CONGER.

United States Minister to China; was a gallant soldier through all the Civil War; a man of broad sympathies and deep insight into Chinese life and character.

Sir ROBERT HART.

For 40 years a faithful servant, as Chief of the Customs of the Imperial Chinese Government. By his energy and capacity he had raised the Chinese revenues from three to thirty millions.

Dr. MORRISON.

The Correspondent of the *Times*; rendered most valuable service. Sir Claude Macdonald says: "Active, energetic,

and cool, he volunteered for every service of danger, and was a pillar of strength when matters were going badly. He was severely wounded when Capt. Strouts was killed by his side.

Mons. and Madame CHAMOT.

The innkeeper, whose name is recorded on the roll of fame. He had recently opened a hotel at Peking, which, aided by his brave wife who carried a rifle and used it with effect, he fortified and defended. Mrs. Chamot is an American, and hails from the Golden Gate. Her gallantry and her husband's pluck and resourcefulness were the admiration of everybody. Their rescue from a position of great danger of a party of French engineers is beyond all praise.

Professor F. D. GAMEWELL.

Born in South Carolina, was educated as a civil engineer, but entered the Methodist ministry. His early training stood him in good stead in the construction of Mission defences. Mr. Gamewell was selected as Chief of Staff to Sir Claude Macdonald, and placed in charge of the work of fortifying the position held by the besieged foreigners. The building and maintaining of the barricades and fortifications during the fifty-six days of the siege were directed and supervised by him.

Mr. SQUIRES.

Secretary of the United States Legation, served as Chief of Staff during the siege. His earlier military training was of great use to the defence.

Rev. F. NORRIS.

The Chaplain to the British Legation, rendered invaluable service in working with pick and shovel, and in taking charge of and encouraging the Chinese Converts in their work on the defences.

Rev. W. S. AMENT.

An American Missionary, who penetrated a country seething with hostile Chinese, and brought back in safety the whole missionary body then in Tung-Chan.

Sir ALFRED GASELEE, K.C.B., A.D.C.

General Gaselee, in command of the British Relief Forces, supported by the Americans and Japanese, insisted on going forward without delay. He boldly turned aside the indecision of the other foreign commanders by declaring that even should all the others refuse to push on, he, with the British contingent, would push on to Peking. But for his prompt action the Expedition would have been one, not of rescue, but of revenge.

General CHAFFEE.

The commander of the American Relief Expedition, nobly seconded Sir Alfred Gaselee in his resolution to reach Peking.

Captain HALLIDAY,

Of the British Force, while engaging a party of the enemy, was shot through the left shoulder, part of his lung being carried away. Notwithstanding the desperate nature of his wound, Captain Halliday killed three of his assailants, and



THE BIVOUCAC.

bidding his men to "carry on and not mind him," walked back, unaided, to the hospital.

Captain MYERS,

United States Marines, displayed great ability and bravery in taking a strong barricade from the enemy.

Colonel SHIBA,

The Japanese commander, attracted general attention by his successful retention of the Western line, which was as brilliant an achievement as ever a handful of men accomplished. His endurance, readiness, coolness, courage, and courtesy, were the admiration of all who were near him.





DECIDEDLY SUPERIOR TO ANY PREPARATIONS FOR THE SKIN YET INTRODUCED.

It renders the Complexion beautifully fair, and produces a surface of the most perfect elegance. Will be found beyond all praise as a family Toilet Lotion, and needs only to be tried to be approved.

GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER-FLOWERS

FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH.

UNSURPASSED AS A TOILET REQUISITE.

Price 1s. and 2s. 9d., of Chemists and Perfumers.

OR POST FREE OF NORTONS, LIMITED, 21 SPITAL SQUARE, LONDON, E.



AMERICANS SCALING THE WALLS OF PEKING.

The LANCET says:—

“No purer or more trustworthy beverage could be produced.”

The Cheapest and Purest Table Water is PURALIS



Sparkling Pure Distilled Water.
Aerated with Carbon - Oxygen Gas.

*—

A Champagne Quart costs 2½d.

A Champagne Pint costs 1½d.

A Syphon costs - - 3d.

*—

MIXES SPLENDIDLY WITH WINES,
SPIRITS, &c.

SUPPLIED IN SYPHONS OR BOTTLES.

*—

The Company's Specialties and other Waters
may be obtained through any Grocer, Wine
Merchant, or Store. Send Post-Card for Price
List and Name of Nearest Agent to—

THE PURE WATER CO., Ltd.,

Queen's Road, Battersea Park, London, S.W.

Notice to Advertisers.



All Communications respecting Advertisements for the Publications of the Military Exhibition, and also for the spaces on the Walls, must be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 6, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Telephone No. 2804 GERRARD.

Telegraphic Address: "ANNOUNCEMENT, LONDON."

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

This Society, familiarly known as "THE OLD EQUITABLE," was established in the year 1762, and is the oldest Life Office on the Mutual Principle in existence. During its long career of uninterrupted prosperity it has distributed unusually large sums in Bonuses, and to-day stands in the unrivalled position of having more than

**TWENTY-FOUR TIMES THE ANNUAL
PREMIUM INCOME IN HAND.**

A CENTURY'S RECORD.

During the One Hundred years ended December 31st, 1900,

The Premiums received amounted to = **£26,207,886**

And the Society paid—

In Claims under its Policies = = **20,518,201**

In Bonuses = = = = = **23,013,594**

As Surrender Values = = = = = **2,236,676**

In Annuities = = = = = **175,385**

Total Payments = = **£45,943,856**

And had Invested on December 31st, 1900 = **£4,665,701**

So that over the whole of that period for every £1,000 that became a claim the Society paid, on the average, in amount assured and bonus, £2,121; and the Members or their relatives received, on the average, a return of £175 for every £100 paid in Premiums

Out of 107 Policies which became claims in the year 1900, the sum assured and declared Bonuses together

In 18 cases Exceeded Three Times

In 47 cases Exceeded Twice and

In 77 cases, or more than two-thirds of
the entire number, Exceeded One
and a Half Times

} the Original
Amount
Assured.

For Prospectus, Proposal Form, and every information, apply to—

H. W. MANLY, Actuary & Secretary,

MANSION HOUSE STREET, ^{Opposite} the MANSION HOUSE, LONDON, E.C

Pears' Soap



This is the way we wash our hands.

"Wash our hands."

"Wash our hands."

This is the way we wash our hands.

'With PEARS' SOAP in the morning.'



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

FEB 04 1983

OCT 07 1985

MAY 18 1990

REC'D ID-IRL

OL

OCT 01 1990

AUG 06 1990

NOV 01 1999

Form L9-50m-4,'61 (B8994s4) 444

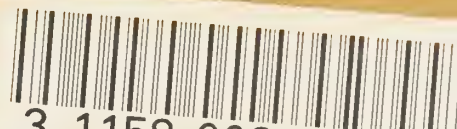
THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

PN

3206 Kiralfy -

K63c "China" or "The
relief of the
legations

BINDERY FEB 29 1981



3 1158 00846 6962

ju

PN

3206

K63c

